

*ARBASTO.*  
**The Anatomic of  
Fortune.**

*Wherein is discoursed by a pithie and  
pleasant discourse, that the highest state of prosperitie, is  
oft times the first steppe to mishappe, and that to stay upon  
Fortunes lotte, is to treade on  
bristle Glasse.*



*Wherein also Gentlemen may find pleasant con-  
ceits to purge Melancholie, and perfit counsell to  
preuent misfortune.*

*( . . )*

*By Robert Greene Master  
of Arte.*

*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*

**AT LONDON,**  
**Printed by H. Iackson, dwelling in**  
**Fleetstreete, beneath the Conduite, at the signe**  
**of Saint Iohn Euangelist,**  
**1589.**

MR BASTO.

# The Anatomy of

Fortune.

Wherein is discovered by a picture and  
pleasant discourse, that the highest state of prosperity is  
attain'd by the just steps to wealth, and that to lay upon  
Fortune's hand is to tread on  
blind Cliff.

✱

Wherein also Gentlemen may find pleasant con-  
solation to purge Melancholy, and their countenances  
become more lively.

(..)

By Robert Greene Master  
of Arts

Some take Fortune for mistress with a lock.

AT LONDON.

Printed by H. Jackson, dwelling in

Fleetstreet, beneath the Conduite, at the signe  
of Saint Iohn Evangelist.

1589.



To the right honorable and vertuous  
Lady, the Lady *Mary Talbot*, wife to the Right honou-  
rable *Gilbert, Lord Talbot* : *Robert Greene* wisheth  
increase of honour and vertue.



**M**YRON that unskilfull Painter of Greece, neuer  
drew any picture, but the counterfaite of *Iupiter*:  
saying, that if it were ill wrought, his woorthines  
should countenance out the meanness of his worke, if  
well, commend the perfection of his arte.

In like maner fareth it with me (right Honourable) who hauing  
unskilfully shadowed with bad colers, the counterfait of *Fortune*, pre-  
sume boldly to shroud it under your Ladiships patronage, as able to  
defend it, be it neuer so meane, and to countenance it, were it neuer  
so good, beeing of *Decius* minde, who thought himselfe safe under  
the shilde of *Cesar*.

Poore *Irus* comming into the Temple of *Pallas*, seeing hir por-  
trayed with a *Speare* in the one hand, and a *Booke* in the other, noting  
thereby as well her inward vertue, as her outward valor: sayde, de-  
spightfull pouertie, thou shalt not keepe me from honouring *Pallas*,  
though from gining her presents.


So hearing of your Ladiships exquisite perfection, as well in out-  
warde shape, as in vertuous qualities, drawne with a deepe desire,  
to shewe what a dutifull affection I owe to such noble and vertuous  
personages: although want sought to hinder my will, yet I thought  
rather to fault in the defect of abilitie, then not to shewe in effect the  
forwardnes of my desire, which wishing to bring forth a *Mountain*,  
haue scarce performed a *Moul-hill*, and willing to shew your honour  
*Alexanders* Picture, is far unable to present you with *Agrippas*  
shaddowes.

But I hope your Ladiship will deale with me as *Cesar* did with  
his yong Souldiers, who accepted of their service, not onelie when  
they performed what they should, but when they practised what they  
could. Thus resting assured of your Ladiships curtesie, praying conti-  
nuallie for the increase of your honor, with all things that you would  
wish or imagin, I end.

Your Ladiships most dutifull to  
commaund, *Robert Greene*.

A.ii.

## To the Gentlemen Readers health.

 *Alexander*, whether wearied with *Bucephalus* pace, or desirous of nouelties, as the nature of man delighteth in change, rode on a time on *Euphestions* horse, for which being reprehended by one of his Captains, he made him this aunswere: Though all (quoth he) cannot haue *Bucephalus* courage, yet this is a Horse.

So Gentlemen, if some too curious carpe at your courtesie, that vouchsafe to take a viewe of this vnperfect Pamphlet, I hope you will aunswer, though it be not excellent, yet it is a Booke: beeing heerein of *Agustus* mind, who being demaunded why he red *Ennius* and not *Virgill*, aunswere: why quoth he is not *Ennius* also a Poet. Though none but *Apelles* was famous for his Arte, yet others were counted Painters. All might not washe with *Homer*, yet diuers dipt their fingers in his Bason. I affoorde not Gentlemen what I would, but what I can, trusting so you will think of me, and accept of my worke. And in this hope I rest.

(\*)

Yours to vse, *Robert  
Greene.*



## Arbasto, the Anatomie of Fortune.



Syling towards Candie, after that I had long time bene tossed with infortunate tempests, forced by wind and waue, our course not well guided by our compasse, happilie arriued at the Cittie of Sydon, where being set on shore, I straight with my Companions went to offer incense to the Goddesse of prosperitie, which the Cittizens call Astarte. Whither being come, my deuotion done, and my oblations offered vp, desirous to take a viewe of the ancient Monuments of the Temple, I passed through manie places, where most sumptuous Sepulchers were erected: which beeing seene, as I thought to haue gone to my lodging, I spied a Cell, ha-  
uing the doze open: whereinto as I entered, I saue an Archflamin sitting (as I supposed) at his Orizons, for so was the Priest of the Goddesse termed, who being clothed in white sattin Robes, and crowned with a Diademe of perfect Gold, leaned his head vpon his right hand, pouring forth streames of watrish tears, as outward signes of some inward passions, and held in his left hand the counterfaite of Fortune, with one foote trode on a Polype fish, and with the other on a Camelion, as assured badges of her certaine mutabilitie. Driven into a dumpe with the sight of thys strange deuise, as I long gazed at the vnacquainted gesture of this olde Flamin, willing to knowe both the cause of his care, and what the picture of Fortune did import, I was so bold as to waken him out of his passion, with thys parle.

Father (¶ I) if my presumption be great in preassing so rashlie into so secret and sacred a place: yet I hope weighing my wil, you wil somewhat excuse my boldnes, for I haue not presumed as thinking to giue anie iust occasion of of-



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fence, but as a stranger, desirous to see the Monuments of this ancient Temple, which as I narrowly viewed, happening by chance into this your Cell, and seeing your old age perplexed with strange passions, staied as one willing to learne what disaster hap hath driven you into these strange dumps, which if I without offence may request, and you without prejudice grant, I shal find my selfe by duty bound to requite your undeserued curtisie.

After I had uttered these words, staying a good space to heare what the old Man would answer, seeing that he did not so much as bouchsafe to giue an eare to my parle, or an eye to my person, but still gazed on the picture of Fortune. As I was ready to course him from his harbor with a deeper blast, I saw a present Metamorphosis of his mind: for from teares hee fell to trifling, from lowzing to laughing, from mourning to mirth, yet neuer casting his eyes from Fortunes counterfaite, tyll at last after he had long smiled (as I thought) at the picture, he as in despite cast it from him, taking his Lute, plaied a dumpe, whereto he warbled out these words.

Whereat erewhile I wept, I laugh,  
That which I feard, I now despise:

My victor once, my vassaile is,

My foe constraind, my weale supplies.

Thus doe I triumph on my foe,

I weepe at weale, I laugh at woe.

My care is cur'd, yet hath no end,

Not that I want, but that I haue,

My chance was change, yet still I stay,

I would haue lesse, and yet I craue:

Aie me poore wretch that thus doe liue,

Constraind to take, yet forst to giue.

Shee

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Shee whose delights are signes of death,  
Who when she smiles begins to lowre,  
Constant in this, that still she change,  
Hir sweetest gifts time prooues but sowre.  
I liue in care, crost with her guile,  
Through her I weepe, at her I smile.

The old Ire hauing with sighes sobbed out this sorrowfull dittie, I was driuen into a maze what the contrarie contents of these verses should meane, vntill at last casting his eye aside, and seeing me stand so solemnlie, he burst forth into these chollericke termes.

Friend, quoth he (if I may so terme thee) thou hast either not heard much, or learned very little, either thy curtesie is small, or thy conditions too currish, that seekest to come to counsell befoze thou be called. If the secrecie of my Cell, or the reuerence of my age, or thy small acquaintance with me, were not sufficient to holde thee from pzeasing so nigh: yet seeing me thus solemnly perplexed, thou mightest (for modestie sake) haue left me to my secret and sorrowfull passions. If it be the custome of thy Countrey to be so discourteous, I like not the fruite of such a soyle: If thy owne reckless follie to be thus rash, I craue not to be acquainted with such a bold guest: but whether it be, as thou cammest in without my leaue, I wishe thee to goe out by iust commaund.

He had no sooner bittered these words, but he was ready to take vpp the picture, if I had not hindered him with this replie.

Sir (¶ I) where the offence is confessed, there the fault is halfe pardoned, and those facts that are committed by ignorance, alwaies claime them pardons by course: I graunt that I haue beene much too rash, but I repent, and therefore hope you will take the lesse offence, and the sooner



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excuse my follie : faults committed by will, gaine oft times but a checke, then mine done by ignorance, shall I hope escape without a mate. Penalties are enioyned by the will moze than by the worke : and thinges done amisse, (saith Tullie) ever ought to be measured by the intent, and not by the mere action. Which considered, if my presence hath bene preiudiciall to your passions, I hope you will think I offended as a stranger, and will pardon mee, as one sozrie for so rash an enterprise.

The olde man very attentiuely hearing my talke, hauing somewhat digested his choller, rising vpp from his seate, made me this friendly answer.

Friend (as he) all is not gold that glisters, the smoothest talk hath oft times the smallest truethe : the Sunne when it glisteth most bright, then breedeth the greatest shadowe, when the Boze laieth down his bristles, then he meaneth to strik. The Painter casteth the sayrest colour ouer the foulest wood, and strangers flatterings are oft times but mere fallacions : yet whether thy talke be truth or tales : whether thou comest to note my passions as a spie, or hast by chaunce hit into my Cell as a stranger, I care not : for if thou enuie me as a foe I force thee not, in that I feare not the spight of Fortune : if thou muse at my suddaine motions, as one desirous to be acquainted with my case, it shall little auaille thee to heare it, and be a great grieve for me to rehearse it.

O sir (as I) if my credite might be such, as without desert to obtaine so much fauour : or if the Prayer of a poore stranger might preuaile to perswade you to vnfold the cause of these your suddaine passions, I should thinke my former trauels counteruailed with this your friendly curtelle.

It is good indeed (as he) by other mens harmes to learne to beware : Phoebus had neuer been so warie of Vulcane, if Mars his mishap had not bid him take heed : Vlisses had not  
so



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so wisely eschewed Circes charms, if he had not seene before his fellows trans-formed, and perhaps the hearing of my former cares may free thee from ensuing calamitie.

I haue been my selfe a Prince, which am now subiect vnto power: alate a mightie Potentate, and now constrained to liue vnder a seruite law: not contented ere while with a princelie Pallace, now sufficiently satisfi'd with a poore Cell, and yet this present want exceeds my wonted weale. I then had too much in penury, and now I lack in superfluitie, being cloyed with aboundance, yet hauing nothing, in that my mind remaineth satisfi'd. Fortune, yea Fortune in fauouring me, hath made me most infortunate. Syzenlike hiding vnder musick misery, vnder pleasure paine, vnder mirth mourning, like the sugred Honicombe, which while a man toucheth he is stung with Bees. She presenteth fayre shapes, which proue but fading shadowes, shee proffereth Mountaines, and perhaps keepeth promise, but the gaine of these golden Mines is losse & misery. None rode on Scianus horse, which got not mishap. None toucht the golde of Tholossa, whom some desaster chaunce did not assaile: neither hath any been aduanced by fortune, which in time hath not been crossed with some haples calamitie. I speake this by experience, which I pray gods thou neuer try by proofe: for he onlie is to be thought happy, whom the inconstant fauour of Fortune hath not made happy. The Picture which thou hast heere, is the perfect counterfalte of her inconstant conditions, for she like to the Polype fysh, turneth herselfe into the likenes of euery obiect, and with the Camelion taketh her whole delight in change, being sore in nothing but in this, that shee is not sure. Which inconstancie after I had known by too much proofe, I began to arme my selfe against her guiles, and to count her fauning flatterie, and her frownes of no force, not to accept her as a friende, but to despise her as a foe, and in despiight of her fained deitie, to oppose my selfe against her sickle power, which I haue found the greatest shielde to shrowde me from her secret iniuries.

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I haue left my Pallace, and taken me to a simple Cell, in the one I found often displeasure, but in the other neuer but contentation. From a Prince of the earth, I am become a Priest to the Gods, seeking only by this obscure life to please my selfe, and displease Fortune: whose picture when I see, I weepe that I was so sonde, as to be subiect to such a seruile Dame, and I laugh, that at last I triumphe bothe ouer myne owne affections, and ouer Fortune. Thus friend, since thou hast heard the cause of my care, cease off to enquire farther in the case, passe from my Cell, and leaue me to my passions, for to procure my grieffe, and not thy gaine, were to offer me double losse. After he had vttered these wordes, perceiuing by his parle that he was a mighty Prince, I beganne with more reuerence to excuse my rashnes, framing my talke to this effect.

I am sorrie (q. I) if sorrowe might be amendes for that which is amisse, that my baske follie hath offended your highnesse: and that my poore presence hath been preiudiciall to your princely passions, but since the fault once committed may be repented, but not reclaimed, I hope your highnesse will pardon my vnswitting wilfulnes, and take (had I will) for an excuse of so suddaine an offence, which graunted, the desire I haue to heare of your strange happe, doth make mee passe manners in being importunate with your Maestie, to heare the tragical chance of this your strange change.

Well (q. bee) since thy desire is such, and time allowes me conuenient leysure, sit downe, and thou shalt heare what trust there is to be giuen to inconstant Fortune.

Arbastro



# of Fortune.

## Arbasto.



Still I wart weary of my diademe, (q̄ be) I was king of the famous Countrey of Denmarke, wherein, after Bosphorus deceased, soz so was my father called, I raigned in happie prosperitie, comming to the Crowne at the age of one and twentie yeeres, being so honoured of my Subiects soz my vertue, and so loued soz my courtesie, as I did not onely gaine the harts of mine own Countymen, but also win the good wil of strangers. I could not complaine of lack, in that my greatest want was skoe. I feared not the force of sozraine foes, soz I knew none but were my faithful friendes. I doubted no misfortune, soz I coulde see no waie soz me to mishap: nay, if I had bene wife, I might y more haue feared miserie, in that I was so fullie pampered wpp with felicitie. But I poze wretch was not daunted with a nie dread, because I sawe no present danger: I thought the sea being calme, there could come no tempest: that from the clere aire could ensue no skorme, that quiet ease was not the mother of dissention, and that where Fortune once tuned, in the strings could neuer be found any discorde.

But O fond and infortunate Arbasto, soz so is my name, and therfore infortunate in that thou art Arbasto, thou now hast tried though by haplesse experience, that when Nilus filleth wpp his bounds, ensueth a dearth: when the Angelica is laden with most seede, then hee dieth: when musicke was heard in the Capitoll, then the Romanes were plagued wpp pestilence: when Circes proffered most gifts, shee presented most guile, and that when Fortune hath depriued thee of most care, then shee means to drowne thee in the greatest calamitie: soz as thus I safelie floated in the Seas of securitie, and bathed in the streames of blyss, Fortune, thinking at length to giue me the mate, began thus



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to proffer the check. I hauing but one onely brother called Tebaldo, whom forced by nature, I most entirely loued and liked, who soiourned in France, as one desirous to see the manners of strange Countries, & to furnish himselfe wth al qualities fit for a worthy Gentleman, I unhappily receiued newes, that he was cowardly without cause slain in the French Court, which so appalled my senses, as nature most cruelly exclaimed against Fortune, in so much, that scorched with the flame of speedie reuenge, contrarie to the counsaile of my nobles, with a resolute mind, I determined to invade France, and either to bring y<sup>e</sup> whole realme to ruine, or els to hazard life and limme in the battell: well, no perswasion beeing able to driue me from this settled determination, I caused my Ships to be rigged, and with as much speede as might be, sayled into France with a great nauie, where I had no sooner landed my soldiers, but as a professed foe craving no other recompence for my brothers death but their destruction, I burnt their borders, fired their fortts, rased their Townes and Cities to the earth, vsing no mercie but this that hauing depriued them of their possessions, I also bereaued them of their liues. Pelorus hearing with what violence I had invaded his lande (for so the French king was called) fearing y<sup>e</sup> he was not able to withstand my force, seeing that Fortune so fauoured my enterprise, passed speedily with his whole host vnto Orleance, whither I hasted being not greatly resisted, laying valiantly a strong siege to the citie. which after I had diuers times assaulted, & had so shaken y<sup>e</sup> walls with Cannon shot, that they were forced to strengthen them with new counter mures. Pelorus halfe daunted with my desperat attempts, coueted secretly to conclude a peace: to colour therfore this his intent with a false shadowe, he speedily dispatched an Herald, to intreat a truce for three moneths, which being unhappily graunted, and therefore unhappily because graunted, it was lawfull for them of Denmarke peaceably to passe into the Citie, and for them of Orleance quietly to come into our Campe. While thus the  
truce

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truce continued, I being desirous to take a view of the French Court, accompanied with my Nobles, went to Pelorus, who willing to shewe his martiall courage by vsing courtesie to his foe, gaue me very sumptuous and courteous entertainment. But alas, such disaster hap ensued of this my fond desire, that death had bene thise more welcome the such endles distresse. For Pelorus had onely two daughters, the eldest called Myrania, the yongest named Doralicia, so faire and well featured, as Venus would haue bene iealous if Adonis had liued to see their beauties. But especially louely Doralicia, and therefore more lonely, because I so entirely loved, was so beautified with the gifts of nature, and so adozned with more then earthly perfection, as she seemed to be framed by nature to blemish nature, and y beauty had skipt beyond her skil, in framing a peece of such curious workmanship, for that which in her (respecting her other perfections) was of no price, woulde be counted in others a pearle, her greatest want woulde in others bee thought a store, so y if any thing lacked in her, it was not to be sought for in any earthly creature. This Doralicia, being appointed by vniust fortune to be the instrument of my fall, accompanied with her sister Myrania and other Ladies, came into the Chamber where her father & I was at parle, whose gorgeous presence so appaled my senses, that I stood astonished, as if with Perseus shield I had bene made a sencelesse picture, not knowing from whence this suddaine and vncertaine passion should proceed: yet this fond affection I felt to rule my fancie, that as the Doynouse can not shut his eyes as long as he lieth in the beames of the Sun, as the Deare can not cease from braying where the herbe Spoly groweth, so could not I but stare on the face of Doralicia, as long as her beauty was such an heauenly object. Shee narrowlie marking my gazing looks, straight perceiued that I was galled, & therfore to shewe how lightly she accounted of my liking, passed out of the Chamber with a coy and courtlie countenance, but Myrania as one perceiuing and pittying my



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my passions, seemed with her lookes to say in hart, Arbasto, farewell.

These two Goddesses beeing gone, feeling my minde somewhat perplexed, I tooke my leane of Pelorus, and departed. Comming home to my Tent, fraught with a thousand toyish fancies, I began to conjecture what should be the cause of these contrarie motions, the effect I felt, the occasion I could not find, applying therfore a contrary salve to my soze, it did rather increase, than cure the maladie, for companie was a cozine, not a comfort: thinking Musicke should be a preservative, I founde it a poyson: and to bee solitarie, I found it the sinck of all sorow: for then strange thoughts, vnacquainted passions, pinching fancies, waking visions, and slumbering watchings, disquieted my head. He thought I sawe the counterfaite of Doralicia befoze mine eyes, then the harmonie of her speech sounded in mine eares, her lookes, her gestures, yea, all her actions were particularly described by a secret imagination. Whapped thus in a labyrinth of endlesse fancies, when reason could not suppress will, nor wisdome controule affection, but that wit (though inuegled) yet disoained the vse of a guide. I then cast my cardes, and found by manifest pzoofe, that the lunatike fit which so distempered my bzaines, was that franticke passion which fooles and Poets call loue, which knowne, blaming my selfe of cowardise, that beautie should make me bend, I fel at last into these termes.

Why Arbasto (quoth I) art thou so squemish that thou canst not see Wine, but thou must surfet: canst thou not draboe nie the fire and warme thee, but thou must with Satyrus kisse it and burne thee: art thou so little master of thy affections, that if thou gaze on a picture, thou must with Pigmalion be passionate: canst thou not passe thorough Paphos, but thou must offer incense to Venus? dost thou thinke it iniurie to Cupid to looke, if thou dost not looue. Ah sonde foole, knowe this, fire is to be vled, but not to be handled: the Baaran floure is to be woone in the hand, not chawed in the



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the mouth: the pꛑecious Stone *Opal* is to bee applied outwardly, and not to be taken inwardly: and beautie is made to feede the eye, not to fether the hart, wilt thou then swallow vp the baite which thou knowest to be bane? wilt thou hazard at that which can not bee had without harme? no, stretch not too far, wade not too deepe, vse beautie, but serue it not, shake the tree, but taste not of the fruite, least thou find it too hard to be digested. Why, but beautie is a God, and will be obeyed: loue looketh to commaunde, not to be conquered: Iuno stroue but once with Venus, and she was vanquished: Iupiter resisted Cupid, but he went by the worst, it is harde for thee with the Crabbe to swimme against the streame, or with the Salamander to strue against the fire, for in wastling with a fresh wound, thou shalt but make the sore more dangerous. Can beautie sonde soe bee resisted, which makes the Gods to bow: Loue himselfe yelded to the feature of Psyche, and thinkest thou thy fancie of greater force: yea but what fondnesse is that Arbasto to sooth thy selfe in thy folly. Thou didst come a Captaine, and wilt thou returne a captiue: thy intent was to conquer, not to be vanquished, to fight with the Launce, not to be foilde with loue, to vse thy speare, not thy pen, to challenge Mars, not to dallie with Venus. Howe dost thou thinke to subdue Fraunce, which canst not rule thine owne affections: Art thou able to quail a kingdome, which canst not quell thine owne mind: no, it will be hard for thee to goe in triumph, which art not so much as Lord of thy selfe. But Arbasto, if thou wilt needes loue, vse it as a toy to passe away the time, which I maist take vpp at thy lust, and lay downe at thine owne pleasures. Loue, why Arbasto, dost thou dream, whom shouldest thou loue? Doralicia? what thy foe, one that wisheth thy mishap, and partly prayeth to the Gods, for thy misfortune, no sure thou art not so fond.

And with that, as I bittered these words, such thoughts, such sighes, such sobes, such teares assailed mee, as I was stricken dumbe with extremitie of these hellish passions, scarce being

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being able to draw my breath for a good space, til at last recovering my senses, I fel to my former sorrow in this sort.

O yes alas Arbasto, it is the lucklesse loue of Doralicia, and therefore the more lucklesse because thou loouest Doralicia, that hath thus inchaunted thy affections. Shee is not thy friend whom thou maist hope to get, but thy foe, whom thou art sure not to gaine: for dost thou think she wil requite thy merit with meed, or repay thy loue with liking? no, she hateth thee Arbasto, as swozne Pelorus foe, and her enemy. Can she loue thee which seeketh her fathers life: nay, did she loue, yet could she think thou dost like, which layest siege to her Cittie: no, vnlesse by loue shee were blinded with too much looue. With then to fancie thy foe, is with the Cockatrice to peck against the Steele, subdne thy affections, bee maister of thy mind, vse will as thy subiect, not as thy soueraigne, so maist thou triumph and laugh at Cupid, saying: Some boy I was in loue, what then.

I had no sooner sealed vp these secrete meditations with a sorrowfull sigh, but least being solitarie I shold fall into farther dumps, I went out of my Tent to passe away the time with some pleasant parle, thinking this the fittest means to drive away idle fancies, hoping that hote loue wold be soone cold, that the greatest banin was but a blaze, and that the most violent storme was ever least permanent.

Well, to see how Loue and Fortune can play false when they list, I was not so drowned in desires towards Doralicia, as poore Myramia burned with affection towards me. For Venus willing to shew she was a woman by her wilful contrarieties so fiered her fancies with some of my feature, as the poore Lady was perplexed with a thousand sundrie passions, one while shee sought with hate to rase out loue, but that was with the Deere to seede against the wind: another while shee deuised which way to obtaine her desire: but then alas she heaped coales vpon her head, for she saw no spark of hope to procure so good happe. Driven thus into sundry dumps, she fell at last into these termes.

printed

Alas



## of Fortune.

Alas Myrania (or she) happy, yea thrice happie are those maidens which are borne in the Ile Meroe, which in their virginity are suffered to see none but him whom they shall marry, and being wiues are forbidden by the Law to see any man but their husbände, vntill they be past fifty. In this Country Myrania beauty is bled as a naturall gift, not honored as a supernaturall God, and they loue onely one, because loue cannot force them to like any other: so that they solve their loue in ioy, and reape it in pleasure. Would God thou hadst been borne in this soile, or brought vp in the same sort: so shouldst thou haue triumphed ouer beaultie as a slave, which now leadeth thee as a seruile captiue.

Oh infortunate Myrania, and therefore infortunate because Myrania, hast thou so little force to withstand fancie, as at the first alarm thou must yeld to affection: canst thou not loke with Salmacis, but thou must loue: canst thou not see with Smylax but thou must sigh: canst thou not viewe Narcissus with Echo, but thou must be bolued to his beaultie. Learne learne fond soule by others mishaps to beware: for shee that loueth in hast, oft times, nay alwaies repenteth at leysure. The Hipprians anointing themselves with the fat of y<sup>e</sup> Fish Muga, passe through most furious flames without any perill. The people called Psili, as long as the sacrifice vnto Vesta, can be hurt with no venomous Serpents. Telephus as he wore the counterfeit of Pallas shield, was invulnerable, and thou as long as thy minde is fraught with the chaste thoughts of Diana, canst neuer be fired with the haples flame of Venus: arme thy selfe with reason, and thou mayst passe through Cytheria without daunger: let thy will and wit be directed with aduised counsaile, and thou shalt say: Cupid, I desie thee.

Oh Myrania, things are some promised, but not so easilie performed: it is easie to sound the victorie, but passing hard to obtaine the conquest: all can say, I would overcome, but few or none returne with triumph. Beauty is therefore to be obeyed, because it is beaultie, and loue to be feared of men, because

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honored of the Gods. Dare reason abide the byrnte, when beautie bids the battell: can wisdome win the feld when loue is Captaine. No, no, loue is without law, and therefore aboue all lawe, honored in heauen, feared in earth, and a very terror to the infernall Ghostes.

Woto then vnto that Myrania, wherunto lawlesse necessity doth bend, be not so fond as with Xerxes to bind the Persian Sea in fetters: fight not with the Rascians against the winde: seeke not with them of Scyrus to shote against the stars: contende not with Niobe against Latona, nor strue not with Sapho against Venus, for loue being a Lord, looks to command by power, and to be obeyed by force.

Trueth Myrania, but what then, to loue is easie, and perhaps good, but to like well is hard & a doubtfull chance: fancie thy self (fond soule) so thou bend not thy affection to thy fathers foe: for to loue him who seeks his life, is to war against nature and fortune. Is there none wooz thy to be thy pheere but Arbasto, the cursed ennemie to thy Countrey: can none win thy good will but the bloodie wretch, who seeketh to breed thy fathers bane: can the Eagle & the bird Osphage build in one tree: will the faulcon and the dove couet to sit on one perch: will the Ape & the Beare be tied in one tedder, will the fore and the lambe lie in one den: no they want reason, and yet nature suffers them not to liue against nature: wilt thou then be so wilfull or witles, as hauing reason to guide nature: yet to be more vnnaturall then vnreasonable creatures, be sure if thou fal in this thou strivest against thy gods, and in striving with them loke for a most sharpe reuenge.

Wist I know this, but hath not loue set down his sentence, and shal I appeale from his censure: shall I deny that which the destenies haue decreed: no, for though Cydippa rebelled for a time, yet she was forst at last to make sute to Venus for a pardon, & I may seek to hate Arbasto, but neuer find where to begin to mislike him. And with that, such fiery passions oppressed her, as shee was faine to sende forth scalding sighes somewhat to ease her inflamed fancie, which being sorrowful



## of Fortune.

He sobbed forth, she had begun a fresh to poure forth her pitifull complaints, if her sister Doralicia beeing accompanied with other Gentlewomen had not dzinen her out of these dumps, whom shee no sooner spied, but leaning her passions, she waied pleasant, conering care with conceits, and a mourning hart with a merry countenance, least her sorrowful looks might giue the company occasion to coniecture somwhat was amisse. But alas which felt the furious flames of fancie to boile incessantly within my brest, could not so cunningly dissemble my passions, but al my Deeres saw I was perplexed: for whereas befoze this sudden chaunce, Pelorus misfortune procured my mirth, now the soile which I reaped by affection braue me to a deeper misery. In the day (to the increasing of my care) I spent the time in solitarie dumps, in the night affected thoughts and visions suffered mee scarce to slumber: for alas there is no greater enemy to the mind, than in loue to lye without hope, which doubt was the sum of my endles sorrow, that in seeing my selfe fettered, I could see no hope at all of my freedom: yet to mittigate my misery, I thought to walke from the Campe towarde the Cittie, that I might at the least see my eye with the sight of the place wherein the Distresse of my hart was harboured, taking with me onelie for companie a Duke of my Countrey called Egerio, unto whom I durst best commit my secrete affaires, who noting my vnaccustomed passions, coniecturing the cause of my care by the outward effects, conetig carefully to apply a salue to my soze, and to dzine me from such sorrowful thoughts, wakened me from my dumps with this pleasant deuise.

Sir. quoth he, I haue often meruailed, & yet cannot cease to muse at the madness of those men, whom the common people thinke to honour with the glorious title of louers, who whē rashly they purchase their owne mishap in placing their affection, where either their disabilitie or the destinies denie successe to their suites, doe either passe their daies in endles dolor, or pzenēt misery by untimely death. If these passionate

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patients listned a litle to Venus allurments, as I to Cupids flatteries, few men shold haue cause to call the Gods vniust, or women cruell: for I think of loue as Mylciades the Athenian did, who was went to say, that of all the plagues wherewith the Gods did afflict mortal men, loue was the greatest, in that they sought that as an heavenly blisse, which at last they found their fatall bane.

Hearing Egerio thus cunningly and couertly to touch me at the quick, thought to dally with him in this wise.

Why Egerio (q. 3) dost thou count it a madnes to looue, or dost thou thinke him rashe which yeldeth vnto affection: knowest thou not that loue is diuine, and therefore comman- deth by power, and that hee enioyneth by destiny and cannot be resisted. I am not of that mind with Mylciades, that loue is a plague, but rather I thinke hee is fauoured of the gods that is a happy louer.

Truth (q. he) but who is happie in loue: he that hath the happiest successe: no: for I count him most unhappy which in loue is most happy.

Why then Egerio (q. 3) thou thinkest him unhappy in that he loueth.

Or els may it please your highnes, quoth hee, I shoulde think amisse: for shall I count him fortunate which for one dram of prosperitie reapeth a whole pound of misery: or shall I esteeme that louer happy, whose greatest gaine is but golden grieue: nay that is neuer to be called pleasure, which is sauced with paine, nor that good luck whose guerdon is losse.

With Egerio (q. 3) thou dost thus broadly blaspheme against Cupid, tell me why thou thinkest ill of loue.

Because sir, quoth he, it is loue, being such a frantick fren- zie which so infecteth the mindes of men, as vnder the taste of Nectar, they are poysoned with the water of Stix, for as he which was charmed by Lara sought still to heare her en- chantment, or as the Deere after once he brouseth on y<sup>e</sup> Ta- mariske tree, will not bee driuen away till hee dieth: so our amorous louers haue their sencelesse senses so besotted with  
the



## of Fortune.

the power of this lascivious God; that they count not themselves happy but in their supposed unhappiness, being at most ease in disquiet, at greatest rest when they are most troubled, seeking contentation in care, delight in misery, and hunting greedily after that which alwaies bringeth endlesse harme.

This is but your sentence Egerio (quoth I) but what reasons haue you to confirme your censure?

Such (quoth he) as your highnes can neither mislike nor infringe: for the first step to looue is the losse of libertie, tying the mind to the will of her, who either too curious, little respecteth his sute, or too coy smally regardeth his seruice, yet he is so blinded with the bale of fond affection, that he counteth her sullennes sobernes, her vaine charmes vertuous chastitie: if she be wanton he counteth her wittie, if too familiar curteous, so belotted with the drags of dotting loue, that euery fault is a vertue, and though euery string be out of tune, yet the Musick cannot sound amisse: resembling Tamantus the Painter, who shadowed the worst pictures with the freest colours.

The paines that Louers take for hunting after losse, if their mindes were not charmed with some secret enchauntment, were able either to keepe their fancies from being inflamed, or els to coole desire being already kindled: for the dayes are spent in thoughts, the nights in dreames, both in danger, either beguiling vs of that we had, or promising vs that wee haue not. The heade fraught with fancies, fiered with iealousie, troubled with both: yea so manie inconueniences waite vpon loue, as to reckon them all were infinite, and to taste but one of them intollerable, being alwayes begun with griefe, continued with sorrow, & ended with death: for it is a paine shadowed with pleasure, and a ioy stuffed with miserie: so that I conclude, that as none euer sawe the Altars of Basyris without sorrow, nor banqueted with Phobus without forfeiting: so as impossible it is to deale with Cupid & not gaine either speedy death or endlesse danger.

As I was ready to reply to Egerios reasons, drawing to a

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small thicket of trees, which was hard adioining to the Citie, I spied where some of the French dames were friendlie sitting about a clere fountaine, of whom after I had taken a narrow viewe, easily perceiued they were three Ladies (accompanied with one Page) namely Myrania, Doralicia, and their Nurse called Madam Vecchia, which sudden sight so appalled my senses, as I had been appointed a new Judge to the three goddesses in the valley of Ida: yet seeing before my eyes the Mistresse of my thoughts, and the Saint vnto whō I did owe my deuotion, I began to take hart at grace, thinking that by this fit opportunitie, loue and Fortune began to fauour my enterprize, willing therefore not to let slippe so good an occasion, I boldly paced to them, whom I saluted in this sort.

Faire Ladies (quoth I) the sight of your surpassing beautie so dazeled mine eyes, as at the first I was in doubt, whether I should honoz you as beaucty Pimphees, or salute you as earthly creatures: but as I was in this dumpe, I readilie called to mind the figure of your diuine face, which being at my comming to your fathers Court, by some secret influence most surely impzinted in my fancie, I haue hetherto without any sparke of forgetfulness perfectly retained, feeling euer since in my hart, such strange passions, an vncustomed deuotion to your beautie and vertues, as I woulde thinke the Gods and Fortune did fauour mee, if either I might find occasion to manifest my affection, or liue to do you seruice.

Doralicia hearing mee thus strangely to salute her, although she saw her selfe in the handes of her fathers foe: yet as nothing dismayed, with a coy countenance, shee gaue mee this crabbish answer.

Sir, quoth she, if at the first looke ye took vs for Pimphees by the perfection of our diuine beautie, it seemeth vnto vs that eyther your women in Denmarke are very foolish; or your sight sore blemisht since your comming into Fraunce: for we know our imperfections far vnworthy of such dissembled praise. But Diomedes smiled most when hee pretended greatest



## of Fortune.

greatest mischief: Scyron entertained his guesstes best, whē he went to intreat the worst: Lycaon feasted Iupiter when hee sought to betray him: the Hiena euer fauneth at her pray: the Syrens sing when they meane to enchant: Circes is most pleasant, when she presenteth poison: and so you, in praising our beauty seeke to spoile our blood: in extolling our perfection, to make vs most imperfect, in wishing openlie our weale, secretly to worke our death and destruction. For your service you offer vs, we so much the more mislike it, for hys sake that makes the proffer: for we are not so inuicigled with selfe loue, nor so senseles to conceine, but that wee thinke he little fauoureth the stems that cutteth down the old stock, he little respecteth the twig that tendereth not the roote, and he lightly loueth the child, that deadly hateth the father, Polixenus counted Achilles a flatterer, because he continued y<sup>e</sup> siege against Troy. Cressid therfore forsooke Troylus, because hee warred against the Grecians, and we cannot count him our priue friende which is our open foe.

Why Madame (q<sup>d</sup> I) did not Tarpeia fauour Tantius, though a foe vnto Rome: did not Scylla respect Mynos thogh he besieged Nisus?

Truth sir, (q<sup>d</sup> Myrania) but the gaines they got was perpetuall shame and endles discredit, for the one was slaine by the Sabyne, the other reiected by Mynos. The young faunes cannot abide to looke on the Tyger: the Halciones are no sōner hatched, but they hate the Eagle. Andromache woulde neuer trust the faire speeches of Pyrrhus, nor Dydo laughe when shee sawe Hierbas smile: where the partie is knowen for a professed foe, there suspicious hate enueth of course: and fond were that person that would thinke wel of him that proffereth popson though in a golden pot.

Madame, quoth I, I know it is hard. where mistrust is harboured to infer beleefe, or to procure credite where hys trueth is called in question: but I with no better successe to happen to my selfe, than in hart I do imagin to you al, swearing by the gods that I do honoz your beauties and vertues.

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so much, that if I had won the conquest, and you were my captiues, yet I woulde honoꝝ you as my soueraignes, and obey you as a louing subiect.

But I pray God, quoth Madame Vechia, you haue neuer occasion to shew vs such fauour, noꝝ we cause to stand to your courtesie: for I doubt wee shoulde finde your glowing heate turned to a chilling colde, and your great promises to small performance.

In the meane time (and with that she toke Myranja and Doralicia by the handes) we wil leave you to returne to the Campe, and we will repaire to the Cittie, willing to giue you thanks for your good will, when we finde you a friende, and not before.

Pay Madame, quoth I, not so, for construe of my meaning how you please, or accept of my companie how you list, I wil not be so discourteous to leave you so slenderly guided, as in the garde of this little Page. And with that, taking Doralicia by the hand, willing not to let slip so fit opportunitie, I began to court her on this manner.

The choyse is harde Madame Doralicia (quoth I) where the party is compelled either by silence to die with griefe, or by unfolding his mind, to liue with shame, yet so sweet is the desire of life, and so bitter the passions of loue, that I am enforced to pꝛeferre an vnseemlie fate before an vntimelie death. Loth I am to speake, and in despaire I am to speake: in the one shewing my selfe a coward, in the other weighing myne owne case. For considering what loue is, I fainte, and thinking how I am counted a foe, I feare. But sith where loue commandeth, there it is folly to resist, so it is Madame, that intending to be victoꝝ, I am become a bassale, comming to conquer, I am caught a captiue, seeking to bring other in to thꝛall, alas I haue lost mine owne libertie. Your heauenly beautie hath brought me into bondage, your exquisite perfection hath snared my freedom, your vertuous qualities hath subdned my mind, as onely your curtesie may free mee from care, or your crueltie crosse mee with calamitie. To  
recount



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recount the sorrowes I haue sustained, since I first was in-  
ueigled with thy beautie, or the service I haue bowed vnto  
thy vertue, since thou dost count my talke, though neuer so  
true, but meere toys, were rather to bzaide in thee an admi-  
ration then a beliefe. But this I added for the time, which  
the end shall try for a trueth, that so faithfull is my affection,  
and so loyall is my loue, that if thou take not pittie of my  
passions, eyther my life shall be too short, or my miserie too  
long.

Doralicia hearing attentiuely my talk, oft times chaun-  
ged colour, as one in great choller, being so inflamed with a  
melancholike kind of hate, as shee was not of a long time a-  
ble to vtter one word, yet at last with a face full of fury, shee  
burst forth into these despiightfull termes.

Why Arbalto (or she) art thou of late become frantick,  
or dost thou thinke mee in a frenzie: hast thou bene bitten  
with the Serpent Amphisbena which procureth madnesse,  
or dost thou suppose me fraught with some lunatick fits, for  
thy speech makes mee thinke, either thou art troubled with  
the one, or that thou countes me combred with the other: if  
this thy poisoned parle were in iest, it was too broade wey-  
ing the case, if in earnest, too bad considering the person: for  
to talke of peace amidst the pikes, she weth either a coward  
or a counterfeit: and to sue for loue by hate, either frenzie or  
folly. It is a mad Ware Arbalto that will be caught with a  
Flaxer, a greedy filbe that commeth to a bare hooke, a blinde  
Goose that runneth to the Foxes sermon, and shee a louing  
fole that stopeth to her enemies lure. No no, think me not  
so fond, or at least hope not to find me so foolish, as with Phry-  
ne to fancie Cecrops, with Harpalice to like Archemerus,  
with Scilla to loue Mynos, with carelesse Opinions so far to  
forget my honoz, my honestie, my parents, and my Country,  
as to loue, nay not deadlie to hate him which is a foe to the  
least of these: for experience teacheth me, that the fairer the  
stone is in the Loades heade, the more pestilent is the poi-  
son in her bowels, the brighter the Serpents scales bee, the  
D. more

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more infectious is her breath, and the talke of an enemy, the more it is seasoned with delight, the more it saoureth of despight, cease then to seeke for lone, where thou shalt finde nothing but hate, for assure thy selfe, if thou didst fancie as faithfully, as thou dost flatter falsely, yet the guerdon for thy loue should be only this, that I will pray incessantly to the Gods, in thy life to pesture thee with earthly torments, and after death, to plague thee with hellish tortures.

Although these bitter blastes of Doralicia, had beene a sufficient cooling carde to quench sonde affection, yet as the water causeth the seacoale to burne more freshlie, so her despightfull termes far more inflamed my desire, that I made her this friendly replie.

Alas (Madame) weigh my case with equitie: if you hate me, as I am foe to Pelorus, yet saue me as I am a friend to Doralicia. If you lothe me as a conquerer of your Countrey, yet pittie me as I am a captine to your beautie. If you vouchsafe not to listen to the lure of your enemy, yet heare the passionate complaints of a perplexed lover. who leading others in triumph, yet he himselfe lieth in most haples solitude.

If I haue done amisse Doralicia, I will make amendes: if I haue committed a fault, I will bothe requite it and recompence it: as I haue beene thy fathers foe, so I will bee his faithfull friend, as I haue sought his bale, I will procure his blisse: yea, I will goe against the hate in all thinges, so I may please thee in any thing.

But as I was about to make a longer discourse, she cutte me off in this wise.

In faith Sir, quoth shee, so well doe I like you, that you can not more displease me, than in seeking to please mee: for if I knew no other cause to hate thee, yet this would suffice, that I cannot but dislike thee: be therfore my fathers friend or his foe, like him or hate him, yet this assure thy selfe that I will neuer loue thee. And with that she slong from mee in a great chafe. Replie I could not: for by this we were come to.



## of Fortune.

to the gates of the Cittie, where (though vnwilling) I took  
my leaue of them in this sort.

I am sorrie Ladies that such is my luck, and so unhappie  
is my lotte, that in offering my selfe a companion, I haue  
greatly offended you with my companie: yet sith I cannot  
strive against chance, I thinke my selfe happy that Fortune  
hath honoured me with the fruition of your presence, hoping  
when time shall trie my words no tales but trueth, you will  
at last make me amends with crying peccau: in the meane  
while I commit you to the tuition of the Gods, praying For-  
tune rather to plague me with all mishap, then to crosse you  
with anie chip of mischance.

The thanks I had for this my friendly curtesie, was a  
coy disdainfull looke of Doralicia, and a churlish vale of the  
olde trot Vechia, but Myrania as one stung with the pike  
of fancie, bad me farewell, with a moze curteous gloze.

If sir (quoth she) the secret intent of your friendship had  
beene agreeable to the outward manner of your curtesie, wee  
had without rubbing our memoies ere this yelded you  
great thanks for your companie: but sith you grēt vs with  
a Iudas kisse, we thinke wee haue small cause to gratifie you  
for your kindnes: notwithstanding, least you shold accuse vs  
wholie of discourtesie, we say we thank you, whatsoener wee  
think, and with that, she cast on me such a louing looke, as she  
seemed to play loth to depart. Well, they now returning to  
the Court, and I now retiring to the Campe, feeling my self  
deeply perplexed, yet as much as I could, dissembled my pas-  
sions, willing in loue not to be counted a louer, iesting there-  
fore with Egerio, I thus began to draw him on.

How now Egerio, (quoth I) hath not the beautie of these  
faire Ladies brought you from your sonde heresie: will you  
not be content for blaspheming of Looue, in penance to  
carrie a burning faggot before Cupid? me thought your  
eyes were gazing, wheresoeuer your hart was gadding:  
but tell mee in good troth, is not Doralicia woorthy to be lo-  
ued?

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Yes sir, quoth he, if thee were not Doralicia, for as thee is beautifull, thee is to bee liked of all, but as thee is Pelorus daughter, not to be desired of Arbasto, least in seeking to gain her loue, he get that which he least looketh for.

Why Egerio, quoth I, what ill lucke can ensue of loue, when I meane not to venture but vpon trust, nor to trust without triall.

Such (quoth hee) as happened to Achilles by Polixena, and yet he feared Priamus. But alas sir, I sigh to think, and I sorrow to see that reason should yeeld to affection, liberty to loue, freedome to fancie, that Venus should beare the target, and Mars the distaffe: that Omphale should handle y club, and Hercules the spindle: that Alexander should crouch, and Campaspe be toy: that a warlike mind should yeelde to a little waning beautie, and that a Prince whose prowesse could not be subdued, should by loue become subiect at the first shot.

What Egerio, quoth I, knowest thou not that hee whom no mortall creature can controule, loue can commaund, that no dignitie is able to resist Cupids beistie: Achilles was invulnerable, yet wounded by fancie: Hercules not to be conquered of anie, yet quicklie vanquished by affection: Mars able to resist Iupiter, but not to withstande beautie. Loue is not onely kindled in the eye by desire, but ingrauen in the mind by deskenie, which neither reason can eschew, nor wisdom expell.

The more pittie (quoth hee) for poore men, and the greater impietie in the gods, that in giving loue free libertie, they graunted him a lawlesse priuiledge. But sith Cupid will be obeyed, Arbasto is willing to be obedient, would God loue had either aimed amisse, or els had not made Doralicia the marte.

I not vnwilling that Egerio should be priue to my passions, tolde him that what I spoke was in iest, and that if euer I did fancie, as yet I knew not what it meant: I would vse loue as the Persians did the Sunne, who in the morning hono2



## iof Fortuned.

honor it as a God, and at none-tide curse it as a deuill. Con-  
cealing thus my care, the covered sparks but into greate  
flames, that coming to my Tent, I was fozt to cast my  
selfe vppon my bedde, where I sobbed forth sorrowfullie  
these wordes.

Alas Arbasto, how art thou perplexed, thou both liest in  
ill hap, and louest without hope: thou burnest in desire, and  
art cooled with disdain: thou art bidden to the feast by loue,  
and art beaten with the spit by beantie. But what then dost  
thou count it care which thou suffrest for Doralicia, who  
nameth Venus for her hue, and stineth Diana for her cha-  
stite. Yea but Arbasto, the more beantie she hath, the more  
pride, and the more vertue, the more precisenesse. None must  
play on Mercuries pipe, but Orpheus: none rule Lucifer,  
but Phoebus: none were Venus in a tablet, but Alexander,  
nor none enioy Doralicia, but such an one, as farre exceedeth  
thee in person and parentage: thou seest she hath denied thy  
sute, disdained thy seruice, lightly respected thy loue, smally  
regarded thy liking, onely promising this, while she liues to  
be thy professed foe. And what then forde soile, wilt thou  
shinke for an Aprill shoure: knowest thou not that a deni-  
all at the first is a graunt, and a gentle answere a flattering  
floute: that the more they seeme at the first to loathe, the  
more they loue at the last. Is not Venus painted catching of  
the ball with her handes, which she seemeth to spurne at  
with her feete: Doth not the Spire tree being belwen, yield  
no sap, which not moored, poureth sweet drop: and women  
being wooed, denie that, which of themselves they most ear-  
nestlie desire.

The stone Sandrasta is not so hard, but being beate in the  
fire, it may be wrought: too thow so tough, but seasoned  
with Sulph, it may be maged, no halcke so haggard, which  
in time may not be called to the lure: nor so stubborn so wil-  
ful, which by some meanes may not bee won. Hope I be best  
then and be bold, for Loue and Fortune are both not for to be

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arbes.

Day thus Arbasto, what needest thou pine thus in hap-  
 lesse passions, or like for that with sorrows, which thou maist  
 obtaine with a small sute, raise vp thy siege, grant but condi-  
 tions of peace, shew but a friendlie countenance to Pelorus,  
 and he neither will nor dare denie thee his daughter Dora-  
 licia. Doe this then Arbasto, nay I will doe it, and that with  
 speed, for now I agree to Tullie that it is good: *Iniquissimam*  
*pacem iustissimo bello anteporere.*

Tell, being resolved vpon this point, I felt my minde  
 disburthened of a thousand cares, wherewith before I was  
 clogged, feeding my selfe with the hope of that pleasure,  
 which when I enjoyed shoulde recompence my former paine.  
 But alas, poore Myrania could not feele one minute of  
 such ease, for she vncessantlly turned the stone with Syfiphus,  
 rolled on the wheele with Ixion, and filled the bottomlesse  
 tubs with Belydes, in so much, that when shee could finde no  
 meanes to mitigate her maladie, shee fell into these bytter  
 complaints.

Oh Myrania, oh wretched wench Myrania, how art thou  
 without reason, which sufferest reason to yeelde vnto appe-  
 tite, wisdom vnto sensuall wil, and a free mind vnto seruile  
 loue: but I perceiue when the Iune riseth, it breatheth a-  
 bout the Climate: when the Pop groweth high, it hath need of  
 a poale, and when virgins were in yeeres, they followe that  
 which belongeth to their youth. Loue, loue, yea but they loue  
 expecting some good hap, and alas both loue and line without  
 all hope, for Arbasto is my foe, and yet if he were my friend,  
 he liketh not mee, he looketh onellie vpon Doralicia. With  
 then Myrania thou art pined, and hast none to pittie thy  
 passions, dissemble thy loue though it shorten thy life: for  
 better it were to die with griefe, than line with shame. The  
 sponge is full of water, yet is not seene. The leafe of the tree  
 Alpina though it be wet, looketh alwaies dry. and a wylde  
 louer, be she neuer so much tormented, behauieth herselfe, as  
 though



## of *Fortune*

though thee were not touched. *Pea*, but fire cannot be hid-  
den in the flaxe without smoke, nor Puske in the bosome  
without smell, nor loone in the breast without suspicion.  
Why then seeke some meane to manifest thy loue to Ar-  
basto: for as the stone Draconites can by no meanes bee po-  
lished, vnlesse the Lapidarie burne it, so thy minde can by  
no medicine be cured, vnlesse Arbasto ease it: alas Arba-  
sto, sweete Arbasto. And with that she fetcht such a groa-  
ning sighe, that one of her *Paydes* came into the Chamber,  
who by her presence putting her from her passions, late so  
long by, tyll tyred with drounle thoughts she fell into a sum-  
ber.

*Fortune* frowning thus vpon her (as I supposed) and  
fawning vpon me, I set my foote on the fairest sands, althogh  
at last I found the most sickle, thinking I must needs tread  
the *Pelures* right, when *Fortune* piped the daunce, but  
though I threwo at all, yet my chance was hard, for *Pelorus*  
trifling for truce, pretended treason: making a shew of fear,  
sought subtilly how to ouerthrow me by deceit, saying, that  
in ruling of Empires there is required as great pollicie as  
prowesse, in goneruing an estate, close crueltie dooth moze  
good than open clemencie: for the obtayning of a kingdome,  
as well mischief as mercie is to be practised: that better he  
had commit an inconuenience in breaking his oth, than suf-  
fer a mischief by keeping his promise: setting downe the  
stafte therefore on this secure periurie, thus it fell out.

After two or thre daies were passed, accompanied onely  
with *Egerio*, and a fewe of my garde, I went to *Orleance*,  
determining both to conclude a peace, and to demaunde *Do-  
ralicia* in marriage: where no sooner I arrined, and was  
entered in at the gates of the Citty, but I found *Pelorus* and  
all his men in Armes, which sight so appalled my senses, that  
I stood as one trans-formed, fearing that which presentlie I  
found true: for *Pelorus* hauing his force inflamed with furi-  
ous choller, commaunded his Captaines to lay hold on me,  
and to carrie me to close prison, swearing that no lesse than  
the

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the losse of life should mitigate his furie: And raging in this choller, after he had lodged me tyne in Lymbo, he went with al his Armie to the Campe, wher finding my soldiers secure, as men little doubting of such myfortune, he made such a monstrous and mercilesse slaughter, as of fiftie thousand he left fewe alive, those which remained he plagued with al kind of Auerie, returning home with his shameles triumph: hee commaunded that in the mids of the Cittie there should be made a great scaffold, wherupon within ten daies I should be executed: these heauie and haplesse newes being come to myne eares, such sorrowfull passions perplexed my mind, as after floods of byrinish teares, I burst forth into these bitter termes.

**O** infortunate Arbasto (quoth I) and therefore the more infortunate, because Arbasto, art thou not worthy of thys mishap, which wilfully sought thine owne miserie: canst thou accuse the Gods, which didst strike against the Gods: canst thou condemne Fortune, which hath warred against nature, and Fortune: No no, in suffering reason to yeeld vnto appetite, wisdom vnto will, and wit vnto affection, thou hast procured thine owne death, and thy Souldiers destruction. Loue, yea loue it is that hath procured thy losse, beautie that hath byed thy bale: fancie hath giuen thee the soyle, and thine owne witlesse wil that hath wrought thy woe: the more is thy paine, and the lesse thou art to bee pittied: was there none to like but Doralicia: none to choose but thy foe: none to loue but thine enemy: O vile wretch fraught with carelesse follie.

And with that, as I was readie to exclaime against my curst destiny, I heard the pryson doore open, where I saw presently to enter Myrania, Doralicia, and Spadam Vecchia, who seeing me sit in such sorrowfull dumps, began to smile at my dolor, and to laugh at my mishappe, which wilfullie thrust my selfe into such miserie, thinking therefore to aggravate my griefe by rubbing a fresh my soze. Doralicia began to



## of Fortuned.

to gall me on this sort.

Hearing Arbasto (quoth she) that you were come to prosecute your sute, playing the good Captaine, that for the first foyle giueth not ouer the field, I thought good to giue you a smiling looke in recompence of your flattering loue, least if I should not be so courteous to so kind a Gentleman, the world should account me ingratfull.

It is truth sister (q Myrانيا) it seemes he is a passing amorous louer: but it is pittie he hath verie ill luck: he chauseth his chaffer well, but yet is an unskillfull chapman, for if he buy at such an unreasonable rate, he is like (sell howe hee can) to liue by the losse.

Enth (quoth Madam Vecchia) he playeth like the Dragon, who sucking blode out of the Elephant, killeth him, and with the same poysoneth her selfe: so Arbasto seeking to betray others, is himselfe taken in the trap: a iust rewarde for so vnjust dealing, and a fit renenge for so reches an enemy.

And yet (q Doralicia) his purpose hath taken small place: for whatsoener his mind was, his malice hath waited might, wherein he resembleth the Serpent Porphirus, who is full of poyson, but being toothlesse hurteth none but himselfe. Sure, lie whatsoener his chance be, hee hath made a verie good choice: for he preferreth swete loue before bitter death, and the hope of euermourning fame before the feare of momentarie misfortune: he shall now for his constancie be canonized in Denmark for a saint, and his subiects may boast & say, that Arbasto our King died for loue.

Egerio seeing that extremitie of griefe would not suffer me to utter one worde, not able anie longer to abide these trumpes, cross her with this chollerick replie.

Gentlewoman (q he) although I so terme you, rather to she to mine own curtesie, than to decipher your conditions, it seemeth Nature hath taught you very few manners, or nature afforded very small modestie, that seeing one in distresse, you should laugh at his dolor, and where the partie is crossed

## The Anatomie

with mishap, you would with bitter taunts increase his miserie: if he be your foe, he hath now the foile, he is taken in the snare, his life hangeth in the ballance.

Though your father be without pietie, yet in that you are a woman be not without pittie. Hate him if you please as hee is your enemy, but despise him not as he is Arbasto, a king, and your haples louer: we are captiues, not to a woozthy conquerer, but to a wretched caitife: not banquished by prowess, but by periurie, not by sight, but by falshood: who in our lines to thy fathers losse, won continuall fame, and by our death to thy fathers discredite shall purchase vnto him perpetuall infamie.

Doralicia, not willing to suffer him waide anie further, cut him short in this manner.

Sir (quoth she) if braggies could stand for payment, I am sure you woulde not die in any mans debt: but if your prouesse had bene as good as your prattle, you needed not haue daunted within so short a tedder: craven Cochs crowe lowdest: fearefull curs barke most, and a hartlesse colwarde hath alwaies more tongue than a haucie Captaine. But I beare with you, for I doubt the scare of death and danger hath diuened thy waister into a cold palsey, and hath made thee either frantick, or lunatick, the one shewing his melancholie: the other bewraying thy choller, willing therefore as a friende you should passe ouer your passions with more patience, wee will leane you as we found you, vnlesse you mean to be shewen, and then I will send you a ghostlie father.

Our confession good Distresse (quoth Egerio) requires but a small shift: for wee haue very little to say, but that Arbasto repents that euer he loued such a peruerse Opinion, and that euer I trusted such a periered Traytor.

The Gentlewomen tooke this for a farewell, passing merrilie to the Pallace, and leaning vs sitting sorrowfully in the prison, bewailing our mishap with teares, and exclaiming against Fortune with bitter curses, what our complaints were, it little auaileth to rehearse: for it would but diue thee into dumps,



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dumps, and redouble my dolour. For this that we were so long tormented with care, that at last we were past cure, counting this our greatest calamity, that living, every houre we looke to die.

Well, as thus we were drowned in distresse: so poore My-  
rania had her minde doubtfullie perplexed. Nature claimed  
by due to haue the preheminance, and loue sought by force to  
winne the supremacie. Nature brought in Pelorus aged  
haires to make the challenge, and Loue presented Arbastoes  
sweete sweete face to be the Champion: tossed thus wyth  
two contrarie tempests, at last she began thus to plead with  
her passions.

Oh this unfortunate Myrania, what strange fits be these  
that burne thee with heate, and yet thou shakest with colde:  
thy body in a shivering sweat and in a flaming fire, melting  
like waxe, and yet as hard as the Adamant: it is loue: then  
would it were death: for likelier it is thou shalt loose thy  
life than win thy loue.

Oh haplesse Arbasto, would to God thy vertues were  
lesse than thy beautie, or my vertues greater than my affec-  
tions: so should I either quickly free my selfe from fancie, or  
be lesse subiect unto follie.

But alas I feele in my mind fierce skirmishes betwene  
reason and appetite, loue & wisdome, danger and desire, the  
one perswaded her to hate Arbasto as a foe, the other con-  
strained him as friend: If I consent to the first, I ende my  
daies with death, if to the last, I shall leade my life with in-  
samie. What shall I then doe: Oh Myrania, either swallow  
the iuyce of Mandrake, which may cast thee into a dead sleep,  
or chewe the herbe Carysum, which may cause thee to hate  
every thing, so either shalt thou die in thy slumber, or dis-  
like Arbasto by thy potion.

Wish poore wench, what follies be these: wilt thou with  
the Wolfe berke at the Spooone, or wyth the yong Gryphons  
pecke against the starres: Dost thou thinke to quench fire

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With a sword : or with affection to mortifie loue :  
 No no, if thou be wise, suffer not the grasse to be cut from  
 under thy feete, strike while the yron is hote, make thy mar-  
 ket while the chaffer is to sale.

As we Arbasto is thine owne, now thou maist win him by  
 loue, and weare him by law : thou maist free him from mis-  
 rie without thy fathers mishappe : thou maiest save his life  
 without thy fathers losse : thou maiest grant thy good wyll  
 vnto loue, and yet not falsifie thy faith vnto nature.

Can Arbasto which is so curteous, become so cruell : but  
 he wil requite thy loue with loyalty, thy faithfull fancy with  
 unfained affection.

No no : he will and must looue thee of force, since thou hast  
 granted him his life of freewill : hee will like thee in thyne  
 youth, and honour thee in thine age : he will be the porte of  
 prosperitie wherein thou maist rest, and the haue of happi-  
 nesse, wherein thou maist harbour without harme : so that  
 thou maist say of him as Andromache said by Hector, *Tu Da-  
 minus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eris.*

Yea but Myrania, yet looke befoze thou leape, and learn by  
 other mens harmes to beware. Ariadne loued Theseus, freed  
 him from the monstrous Mynotaure, taught him to passe the  
 Labozinth, yea forsooke Parents and Countrey for his  
 cause, and yet the gyardon hee gaue her for her good will,  
 was to leaue her a desolate wretch in a deserte wilde-  
 nesse.

Medea saved Iason from the danger of the Dragons, and  
 yet she found him trothlesse : Phillis harboured Demiphon,  
 and Dido Aeneas, yet both repayed their loue with hate.

With the fairest floure hath not the best sent : the Lapida-  
 ries chuse not the stone by the outward colour, but by the  
 secrete vertue : Paris was faire, yet false : Thieltes was beu-  
 tiful, but deceitfull : Vulcan was carned in white Iuozy, yet  
 a Smith.

The pzeious stones of Mansaulous sepulcher coulde not  
 make the dead carcasse sweete. Beantie Myrania is not al-  
 waies



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waies accompanied with vertue, honestie and constancy: but oftentimes fraught with vice, & periurie. What then: if some were Traytors, shall Arbalto be trothlesse: if some were false shall he be faithles: no, his beautie and vertue hath won me: and he himselfe shall weare me: I will forsake Father, friends and Countrey for his cause: yea I will venture lim and life to free him from danger, in despight of froward Fortune and the destinies.

Myrania being thus resolute in her opinion, began to cast beyonde the Moone, and to frame a thousande deuises in her heade to bring her purpose to passe, fearing euery shadowe, doubting euerie winde, stumbling at the least strawe, yet at the last picked forward by fantie, she thought to prevent all cause of feare in this wise.

The evening befoze shee meant to atchine her enterpryse, she secretly sent for the Taylor by one of her maids, to whom she durst commit her secret affaires, who beeing taught by her Mistresse to play her part cunninglie, brought the Taylor into Myranias chamber by a posterne gate, so that they were neither seene nor suspected of any: where he no sooner came, but he was curteously entertained of the yong Ladie, who faining that she had to debate with him of waighty affaires, called him into her closet, where treading vpon a false boorde, he fell vp to the shoulders, not being able to helpe himselfe, but that he there ended his life.

Myrania hauing desperatlie atchined this daide, she strait sought not to rob him of his coyne, but to bereaue him of his keyes, which after she had gotten, and conueied his carcasse into a secret place, she went in her night gowne, accompanied onely with her Maid to the prison.

Arbalto and Egerio hearing the doores open at such an vnaccustomed houre, began straight to coniecture, that Pelorus sought to murder them secretly, least his owne people should accuse him of crueltie: but as they looked to to haue seene the Taylor, they spyed Myrania in her night gowne: which sudaine

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daine and vnlooked for sight so appalled their senses, as they were diuened into a maze till Myrania wakened them from their dumptes with this sugred harmonie.

I perceiue Arbasto (quoth she) that my presence dooth make thee to mize, and my suddaine arrivall hath diuened thee into a maze what strange wind should land mee in thys roast. In truth thou maist think either my message is great, or my modestie little, either that I take small care of my selfe, or repose verie great trust in thee, who at a time vnfit for my calling, haue without any guarde come to a stranger, a captiue, yea and my fathers fatall foe. I confesse it is a fault if I were not forst: but sith necessitie hath no law, I thinke I haue the lesse broken the law. But to leane off these needlesse preamples where delay breeds no lesse danger then death: know this Arbasto, that since thy first arrivall at my fathers Court, my eyes haue ben so dazeled with the beams of thy beautie, and my minde so snared with the biewe of thy vertues, as thou onely art the man, who in hart I loue and like: seeing thee therefore drowned here by aduerse fortune in most haplesse distresse, willing to manifest the loyaltie of my loue in effect, which I haue protested in wordes, I haue rather chosen to hazard both my life and honour, than not to offer thee peace if thou wilt agree vnto the conditions. As my father hath wrought thy moe, I will work thy weale: as he hath sought thy bale, I will procure thy blisse: from penurie I will set thee in prosperitie. I will free thee from prison, from danger, yea from death it selfe, I will in yeelding to loue, dissent from nature to leane my father, freendes, and Countrey, and passe with thee into Denmarke. And to cutte off speeches, which might seme to saour either of flatterie or deceit: as thou art the first vnto whom I haue bowed my loue, so thou shalt be the last, requiring no meede for my merite, nor no other guerdon for my good wil, but that thou wilt take mee to thy Wife, and in pledge of my trueth, see here the keyes, and all other things prouided for our speedie passage.

Myrania



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Myrania had no sooner uttered these words, but my minde was so rauished, as I was diuened into an extasie for ioy, seeing that the terror of my death was taken away with the hope of life, that from heauines I shoulde bee restozed to happines, and from most carefull miserie, to most secure felicity, I therefore framed her this answer.

Oh Myrania, the purest Emeralde shineth brightest when it hath no Dyle, and truely delighteth when it is apparrelled worst. Flatter I wil not, faithfull I must be, willed from the one by conscience, and diuened to the other by your curtesie, which by holwe much the lesse I haue merited it by deserte, by so much the more I am bounde to requite it by duetie. To decipher in coloured discourses, and to painte out with curious shaddowes, holwe humbly I accept of your offer, and holwe greatlie I thinke my selfe beholding to the Gods, for blessing me with such an happie chaunce, what my loyaltia and truth shal be, were but to proue that which your Ladiship hoping of my constancie hath not put in question. The guerdon you craue for your good will is such, that if your curtesie had not forced me to it by constraint, yet your beautie and vertues are so great, as fancie woulde haue compelled mee by consent. Myrania, what thou canst wishe in a true and trusty Loner, I promise to performe, swearing vnto thee, that the floodes shall flowe against their streames, the earth shall mount against his course, yea my carcasse shal be consumed vnto dust an ashes, before my minde shall bee found disloyall, and to this I call the Gods to witnesse, of whom I desire no longer to liue, than I meane simply to loue.

Oh Arbalto (quoth she) woulde God I had neuer serue thee, or that I may find thy works according to thy wordes, otherwise shall I haue cause to wishe I had been more cruell or lesse curteous. But loue will not let mee doubt the worst, but bids me hope the best: yet thus much I may say, when Iason was in danger, who more faithfull, when Theseus feared the Labozinth, who more loyall, when Demophon,

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phon suffered shipwacke, who more louing: but I will not say what I thinke Arbasto, because thou shalt not suspect I feare.

**Madame** (to Egerio) Arbasto is my soueraigne, & I bothe honor and feare him as a subiect, yet if he should but once in hart think to be disloyall to Myrania, the Gods confound me with all earthly plagues, if I would not of a trustie friend, become his mortall foe.

It is easie to perswade her Egerio (quoth she) who already is most willing to beleue, let vs leaue therefore these needlesse protestations, and goe to the purpose, delay breeds danger, time carrieth no man, speede in necessitie is the best spurre, let vs haste therefore till we gette forth of France, least if we be presented, it breed my mishap and your fall miserie.

Upon this we staid not, but shutting the prison close, gotte couertlie out of the Cittie, passing through France with many fearefull perills, which to rehearse, were either needlesse or bootlesse: suffice this, we at last happily arrived at Denmark, where how I was welcommed home with triumphes, were too long to relate. But how Pelorus was perplexed after he knewe of our happy departure, though (God wot) most haples vnto him, I refer to thy good consideration to coniecture. The old father fretted not so fast in his melancholie, but Dorallia chafed as much in her choller, blaspheming bitterlie both against me and her sister Myrania: but as words breake no bones, so wee cared the lesse for her scolding, fearing not the noyse of the peece as long as wee were without daunger of the shot. Well, leauing them to theyr dumpees, to vs againe which soted in delight. Fickle Fortune hauing now hoysed vs vp to the toppes of her inconstant wheele, seeing howe careless I slumbered in the cradle of securitie, thought to make mee a verie mirrour of her mutabilitie, for wee beganne a frethe to turne my tippet on this wise.

As



## of Fortune.

As dailie I flattered Myrania, for fancie her I could not, promising with speed to call a parliament for the confirmation of the marriage, I still felt the stumpe of the olde loue I bare Doralicia to stick in my stomacke, the more closelie I conered the sparkes, the more the flame burst forth, I found absence to increase affection, not to decrease fancie: in the day my minde doted of her vertues, in the night I dreamed of her beautie: yea, Cupid began to encounter mee with so fresh cannizados, as by distance my distresse was far more augmented, such sighes, such sobs, such thoughts, such paines and passions perplexed mee, as I felt the last assault worse than the former batterie. If I loued Doralicia in France, I now liked her thzise better being in Denmark. If in presence her person pleased mee, nowe in absence her perfection more contented mee. To conclude, I sware to my selfe with a sollemne sighe. Doralicia was, is, and shall be the Distresse of my hart in despight of the froward destinies, yet amazed at mine owne follie, I began thus to muse with my selfe.

A foolish Arbasto, nay rather frantick fondling, hast thou lesse reason then vnreasonable creatures: the Wyger fleeth the fraine, the Lyon escheweth the nettles, the Deere auoideth the coples, because they are taken with these instruments, and art thou so mad, as hauing escaped pikes, wilfulle to thrust thy selfe into perrill. The child being burnt hateth the fire, but thou being an old soule, wilt with þy warme Naplicia no sooner come out of the coales, but thou wilt leape into the flame. But alas what then: I see the measure of loue is to haue no mean, and the end to be euerslasting: that to loue is allotted to all, but to be happy in loue incident to fewe: why, shall I be so mad to loue Doralicia, or so fraught with ingratfull periurie, as not to like Myrania, the one hath crossed me with bitter, girds, the other courted me with sweet glances: Doralicia hath rewarded me with disdain, Myrania intreated me with desire, the one hath saued my life, the other sought my death, O Arbasto thou seest the best,

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but I feare like to follow the worst. Alas, I cannot but loue Doralicia, what then? what resteth for me to doe, but to die with patience, seeing I cannot liue with pleasure: yea Arbasto, die die rather with a secret scar, than an open scozne, for thou maist well sue, but neuer shalt thou haue good successe. And yet Lyons salueth when they are clawed: the most cruell Tygers stope when they are tickled: and Women though neuer so obstinate, yeld whē they are courted. There is no Pearle so hard, but vineger breaketh: no Diamonde so stonie, but blood molifieth, no hart so stiffe, but loue weakeneth: what though Doralicia sought thy death, perhaps now she repents, and will giue thee life: though at the first she cast thee a stone, she will now throw thee an Apple. Why then Arbasto assault her once againe with a freshe charge, seeke to get that by Letters which thou couldest not gaine by talke, for one line is of moze force to perswade, then a months parole, for in writing, thou mayst so set downe thy passions, and her perfections, as she shall haue cause to thinke wel of thee, and better of her selfe, but yet so warilie, as it shall be harde for her to iudge whether thy loue bee moze faithfull, or her beautie amiable. I haue thus determined with my selfe, though as couertlie as I could to conceale my affaires, least either Myrania or Egerio should spie my halting, conueying therfore my affaires as cunninglie as I could, I prinielie sent an Embassadour to Pelorus, to intreat for a contract betwē vs, and also to craue his daughter Doralicia in mariage, promising to send him Myrania safe vpon this consent, and with all, I framed a Letter to Doralicia to this effect.

Arbasto, to the fairest Doralicia, health.

Such and so extreame are the passions of loone (Doralicia) that the moze they are quenched by disdaine, the greater flames is increased by desire, and the moze they are galled with hate, the moze they gape after loone, like to the stone Topazon,



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Topazon, which being once kindled, burneth most vehementlie in the water. I speake this (the greater is my griefe) by pꝛoꝛse and experience, foꝛ hauing my heart scorched with the beames of thy beautie, and my minde inflamed with thy singular vertue, neither can thy bitter looks, abate my looue, noꝛ thy extream discourtessie diminish my affection. No Doralia, I am not he that will leaue the sweete Eglantine because it pꝛicks my finger, and refuse the golde in the fire because it burnt my hand, foꝛ the minde of a faithfull loouer is neither to bee daunted with despighte, noꝛ afrighted wꝛth danger: but as the Loadstone, what wind soeuer doth blow, turneth alwaies to the South, so the lone of Arbasto is euer moze bent to the beautie and vertue of Doralia, whatsoeuer mis-fortune happeneth. Yea, it fareth with me as wꝛth the herbe Basil, the which the moze it is crushed, the sooner it springeth, oꝛ the pure spice, which the moze it is pouned, the sweeter it smelleth, oꝛ the Camomil, which the moze it is troden with the fete, the moze it flourisheth, so in these extremities, beaten down to the ground with disdaine, yet my loue reacheth to the toppe of the house with hope. With then Doralia, thy beautie hath made the soze, let thy bounty apply the salue, as thy vertue hath caused my maladie, so let thy mercie giue the medicine, repay not my constancie with crueltie, requite not my loue with hate, and my desire wꝛth despight, least thou pꝛocure my speedie death and thy endless infamie. Thus hoping thou wilt haue some remouise of my passions, I attend thy frendlie sentence and my satall destinie.

Thine euer, though neuer thine, Arbasto.

As soone as I had wꝛitten my Letter, I dispatcht the Messenger as speedily and pꝛiuiely as might be, who within the space of thꝛee weekes arriued at Orleance, where deliueꝛing his Embassage to Pelorus, & my letter to Doralia, hee staid foꝛ an answer, the space of tenne daies, in which time, Pelorus consulting with his Counsell, was verie willing to

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grant me his daughter in marriage, but that by no meanes he could win the good will of Doralicia, seeing therefore no perswasions coulde preuaile, hee dispatcht my Messenger with deniall, and Doralicia returned mee this frowarde answer.

Doralicia to Arbasto.

**W**here didst thou learne sonde fole, that being forbidden to be bold, thou shouldest grow impudent, that willed to leaue off thy sute, yet thou shouldest be importunate, dost thou thinke with the spannell by sawning when thou art beaten to make thy foe thy friende: no, let others deame of thee what they list, I will count thee a cur. Dost thou thinke I will be drawn by thy counterfeite conceits, as the strawe by the Jet, or as the gold by the minerall Chysocola: no no, if thou seekest to obtaine fauour at my hands, thou dost strue to wring water out of the Pumice, and dost worke the meanes to increase thine owne shame and seueritie: for as by instinct of nature there is a secreete hate betweene the Wine and the Cabbish, betweene the Wore and the Word, and betweene the yron and the Theamides, so in my minde I feele a secret grudge between Arbasto and Doralicia: cease then to gape for that thou shalt neuer gette, and take this both for a warning and an answer, and if thou prosecute thy sute, thou dost but persecute thy selfe, for I am neither to bee wooed with thy passions whilst thou livest, nor to repent me of my rigor when thou art dead. For this I sweare, that I will neuer consent to loue him, whose sight (if I may say with modestie) is more bitter vnto me than death. Short I am though sharpe, for I loue not to flatter, take this therefore for thy farewell, that I liue to hate thee.

Willing after death if it could be  
thy foe, Doralicia.

Arbasto

R

After



## of Fortune.

After that the Messenger was returned to Denmarke, and that I had receiued and reade the Letter, such sundrie thoughts assailed me, that I became almost frantick: feare, dispaire, grieve, hate, choller, wraethe, desire of reuenge, and what not, so tormented my minde, that I fell to raging against the Gods, to rayling at Doralicia, and to cursing of all womankind, conceiuing such an extreame hate against her, as befoze I loued her not so hartilie, as now I loathed her hatefullie, counting my selfe an vngrate wretch towarde Myrania, and calling to mind her beautie & vertue, her bountie and curtesie, I fel moze deeply in loue with her than euer with Doralicia, so that I coulde not spare one glaunce from gazing vpon her person, nor draw my minde from musing on her perfection. A suddaine change, but alas a sorrowfull chance.

For Myrania seeing me souled in these sorrowful dumps, began straight without asking anie water, to coniecture my disease, and to shoot at that which indeede she hyt without anie great ayne. But as loue is most suspicious, so she began to doubt the worst, fearing that as yet the beautie of Doralicia was not blotted out of my minde, searching therfoze narrowly what she could eyther heare or learne of my secretes, at last she found out that which wrought her small mishap, and my fatall miserie. For by lucklesse chaunce, leaving the doze of my closet open, Myrania thinking to finde me at my Pipes, stumbled on the copie of my Letter, which I sent vnto Doralicia, and vpon the answer which I receiued from that ruthles Minion, which after shee had reade, perceiving how traitterously I had requited her loue with hate, she conueied herselfe couertlie into her Chamber, where, after shee had almost dimmed her sight with floods of teares, and burst her hart with blowing sighes, she fel into these complaints.

29 O infortunate Myrania, O haples Myrania, yea, O thise accursed Myrania, whom Fortune by spight seeketh to soyle, whom the destinies by fate are appointed to plague, & whom the Gods by iustice will & must most cruelly reuenge. Thou

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hast been a paracide to thy father, in seeking to destroy him by thy disobedience : thou art a traytoꝝ to thy Country , in saving the enemy of the Common welth, and thou art a foe to nature , in loving disloyall Arbasto : and can the Gods but plague these monstrous iniuries : no no Myrania , thou hast deserved more mishap then either Fortune can or wil afford thee. Ah cruell and accursed Arbasto, I see now that it fairely with thee as with the Panther, which having made one astonished with his faire sight , seeketh to deucure him with bloodie pursute, and with me worse wench , as it dooth with them that view the Basiliske, whose eyes procure delight to the looker at the first glimpse, but death at the second glance. Alas , was there none to like but thy foe : none to looue but Arbasto : none to fancie but a perimred Dame : none to match with but a flattering mate. Nowe hath thy lawlesse loue gained a locklesse end : nowe thou triest by experience, that the tree Alpina is smooth to be touched, but bitter to be tasted : that the fairest Serpnt is most infectious, the fairest colour soonest stained, the clearest glasse most brittle, and that louers, though they beare a delicate shewe, yet they haue a deceitfull substance: that if they haue hony in their mouthes, yet they haue gall in their hartes : the more is the pittie, in thee to trust without triall, and the greater impietie for him to be a traytoꝝ, beeing so well trusted.

Is this the curtesie of Denmark towards friends, to intreate them so despightfullie : is my good will not onely reiected without cause, but also disbained without colour : Alas what shall I doe to this extremitie, beeing a forlorne wretch in a foraine Country : which way shall I turne me, of who shall I seeke remedie. Pelorus wil reiect me, and why should he not : Arbasto hath reiected me, and why should hee : the one I haue offended with too much greefe , the other I haue serued with too great good will : the one is lost with loue, the other with hate : Pelorus, because I cared not for him : Arbasto, because I cared for him but alas too much. And with that she fetcht such a sigh, as witnessed a hart pained with  
most



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most intollerable passions, yea care and griefe so fiercely and freshly assaulted her, as she fell into a feuer, refusing all sustenance, wishing and calling for nothing but death.

While shee thus pined away with griefe, I thought to search out her soze, but I could not perceiue the cause of her sorrow, onely I did coniecture this, that she doubted my Nobles would not consent to our mariage: to rid her therefore of this care, I presently called a parliament, where without any great controuersie it was concluded.

This newes being come to the eares of Myrania, it no whit decreased her dolor, but did rather farre the more augment her distresse, which made Egerio to muse, & drane mee into a great maze: so that accompanied with my Nobles, I went to comfort her, & to carrie her newes, that if she coude but come into the Chamber of presence, she should there bee crowned Queene. But alas, when I came and saue her so altered in one weeke, wasted to the hard bones, more like a ghost than a liuing creature, I began thus to comfort her.

Oh Myrania (q I) more loued of mee then myne owne life, and more deere vnto me than my selfe, would God I might be plagned with all earthly diseases, so I might see thee free from distresse: howe can Arbasto bee without sorrow to see Myrania oppressed with sickness: howe can hee but sinke in calamitie to see her but once toucht with care: alas unfold vnto me thy soze, & I will apply the salue, make me priuie to thy maladie, & I will procure a medicine: If want of welth work thy woe, thou hast the kingdom of Denmarke to dispose at thy pleasure: if absence from friends, thou hast such a friende of thy louing spouse Arbasto, as death it selfe shall neuer dissolve our loue.

I had no sooner vttered this worde, but Myrania as one possessed with some hellish furie, start vp in her bed with staring lookes and wrathfull countenance, seeming by her raging gestures to bee in a frenzie: but being kept downe by her Ladies, she roared out these hatefull curses.

24 O vile wretches (q she) will you not suffer me in my life to

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to reuenge my selfe on that periured Traytor Arbasto, yet shall you not denie me but after death my ghost shal tormēt him with gallie visions. O thise accursed caitife, dost thou seeme to helpe me with thy scabbard, and secretly hurte mee with thy sword: dost thou offer me hony openlie, and priuēlie present mee with gall: dost thou say thou wilt cure mee with loue, when thou seekest to kill mee with hate: haue I redeemed thee from mishap, and wilt thou requite me with miserie: was I the meanes to saue thy life, and wilt thou without cause procure my death: haue I forsaken my Countrey, betrayed my father, and yet wilt thou kill me with dyscurtesie. O haples Myrania, coulde not Medeas mishap haue made thee beware: could not Ariadnes ill lucke haue taught thee to take heed, coulde not Phillis misfortune haue feared thee from the like folly: but thou must like and loue a stragling stranger. Aie me that repentance shoulde euer come too late: for now I sigh and sorow, but had I wist comes out of time: follie is sooner remembred than redressed, and time may be repented, but not recalled.

But I see it is a practise in men to haue as little care of their own othes, as of their Ladies honours, imitating Iupiter, who neuer kept othe he swore to Iuno, diddest thou not false Arbasto protest with sollemne vowes, when thy life did hang in the ballance, that thy loue to Myrania shoulde bee alwaies loyall, and hast thou not since sent and sedd secretly to win the good will of Doralicia, diddest thou not sweare to take mee to thy mate, and hast thou not since sought to contract with her a newe match: thou didst promise to bee true vnto me, but hast procoued trussie vnto her: what shoulde I say, thou hast presented her with pleasant drinks, and poisoned me with bitter potions, the more is my penury, & the greater is thy periurie. But vile wretch, dost thou thinke this thy villanie shall be vneuenged. No no Egerio, I hope the Gods haue appointed thee to reuenge my iniuries, thou hast sworne it, and I feare not but thou wilt performe it. And that thou maist know I exclaime not without cause. see  
heere



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heere the Letters which haue passed betwixen this false tray-  
sor and Doralicia.

The sight of these Letters so galled my guiltie conscience,  
as I stood as one astonished, not knowing what to do, excuse  
my selfe I could not, confirme my loue I durst not, yet at  
last the water standing in mine eyes, clasping her hands in  
mine, I was readie to craue pardon, if she had not prevented  
me with these inturious speeches.

Cleere thy selfe trayterous Arbasto thou canst not, per-  
swade me thou shalt not, forgive thee I will not, cease there-  
fore to speake, for in none of these thou shalt speake. Egerio;  
I saued thy life, then reuenge my death, and so content I be,  
yet onelie discontent in this, that I cannot liue to hate Ar-  
basto so long as I loued him.

And with that turning vpon her left side, with a gasping  
sigh she gaue vp the ghost: which sight brake me into such a  
desperate minde, that if Egerio and the rest had not holden  
me, I had sent my soule with hers to the grave. But being  
carried by force to my bed, I lay for certaine daies oppressed  
with such sorrows, as if I had bene in a trance, cursing and  
accusing my selfe of ingratitude, of perjury, and of most de-  
spightfull disloyalty, I lay perplexed with incessant passions.

Well, this beaue and haplesse newes being noyced in  
France, Pelorus taking the death of his daughter so hart, in  
short time died, leaving Doralicia the onely inheritor of his  
kingdome.

But yet see how Fortune framed by this tragedie, who  
meant to cast Doralicia from most happy felicitie, to most  
haplesse miserie: for she seeing that no sinister chance coulde  
change my affection, that neither the length of time, nor the  
distance of place, the spight of Fortune, the feare of death,  
nor her most cruell discourtesie coulde diminish my loue: mu-  
sing I lay on this my inuolable constancie, Cupid meaning  
to reuenge, striking her nowe at disconert, brake home to the  
head,

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heade, and stroke her so deepe at the hart, as in despight of Vesta shee baled bonnet, and giuing grounde sobbed footth secretly to herselfe these words: Alas I loue Arbalto, and none but Arbalto.

So Venus seeing that her boy had so well plaide the man, began to triumph ouer Doralicia, who now was in her dumps, struiuing as yet betwene loue and hate, till fancie sette in her foote, and then ye yelded vp the bulwark in these peaceable termes.

Why how now Doralicia (quoth she) dost thou dreame or dote: Is it follie or frenzie: melanchollie or madnesse, that driueth thee thus into dumps, and so strangely distresseth thee with dolor, what sonde thoughts, what vnacquainted passions: what slumbring imaginations are these which perplexeth thee: dost thou now feele fire to spring out of the cold flint: heate to fry amidst the chilling frost: loue to come from hate, and desire from disdain: Dost thou fare as though thou hadst been drenched in the Riuer Tellus in Phrigia: which at the first breedeth sorrow through extreme colde, but footth with burneth the sinewes through raging heat. Hath Venus now in despight of Vesta made thee bale bonnet: the more (poore wenche) is thy mishap, and the worse is thy fortune: for loue though neuer so sweet, cannot yet be digested without a most sharpe sauce: faring like the golde that is neuer perfect till it hath pass through the furnace.

Loue Doralicia, but whom dost thou loue, Arbalto: what the man whom euen now thou diddest so deadlie hate: hast thou so little forte ouer thy affections, as to fancy thy foe. No no fond soles, Arbalto is thy friend, and one that honoureth thee as a saint, and would serue thee as his soueraigne, that loueth and liketh thee as much as thou canst desire, but more than thou dost deserue, who beeing bitterly crossed with discurtesse, could neuer be touched of inconstancie: but still remaineth like to Aristotles Quadratus, which howsoeuer it is turned, alwaies standeth stedfast. Thou canst not then of  
consci



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conscience Doralicia but repay his loue with liking, and bys firme fancie with mutuall affection: he is beautiful to please the eye, vertuous to content the minde, rich to maintaine thy honoz, of birth to counteruaile thy parentage, wise, curteous, and constant, and what wouldest thou haue more.

Pea but alas I haue reiected his seruice, and now he will not respect my sute, I haue detested him, and now hee will despise me, I haue requited his good will with crueltie, and he will reuenge me with contempt.

Better hadst thou then conceale it with greefe, than reueale it to thine owne shame: for if thou aime at the white and milke the marke, thou shalt bee pointed at of those that hate thee, pittied of those that looue thee, scorned of by him, and talked of by all: suffer rather the (poore Doralicia) death by silence, than derision by revealing thy secretes, for death cutteth of all care, but derision breedeth endles calamitie.

Lush, dost thou think Arbalto can so harden his hart, as to hate thee, so maister his affections as to flee fro fancy, that hee will become so proud as to refuse thy proffer. So if thou sendest him but one line, it wil more charme him than al Circes inchantments: if thou lendest but one frendly look he will be more esteemed of him than life. Why, but Doralicia: and with that she sate stil as one in a trance, building Castles in the aire, hanging between feare and hope, trust and dispaire, doubt & assurance: to rid her selfe therfore fro these dumps, she tooke her Lute, whereupon she plaied this dittie.

**I**n time we see that silver drops

The craggy stones make soft:

The slowest Snaile in time, we see,

Doth creepe and climbe aloft.

With feeble pusses the tallest pine

In tract of time doth fall:

The hardest hart in time doth yeeld

To VENVS luring call.

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Where chilling frost alare did nip,  
There flasheth nowe a fire :  
Where deepe disdaine bred noysome hate,  
There kindleth nowe desire.

Time causeth hope to haue his hap,  
What care in time not easde :  
In time I loath'd that now I loue,  
In both content and please.

Doralicia hauing ended her dittie, laid down her Lute,  
and betooke her to her former passions, wherein shes had not  
long plodded, but shes determined to write vnto mee with as  
much speed as might be, framing her Letters to this effect.

Doralicia to Arbasto  
heakh.

**W**eighing with my selfe (Arbasto) that to be bruiust, is  
like to offer iniurie to the Gods, and that without cause, to  
be cruell, is against all conscience: I haue thought good, to  
make amendes for that which is amisse, and of a fained foe,  
to become thy faithfull friend: for since the receit of thy Let-  
ters, calling to minde the perfection of thy bodie, and perfect-  
nes of thy mind, thy beautie and vertue, thy curtesie and con-  
stancie, I haue bene so snared with fancie, and fettered with  
affection, as the Idea of thy person hath pinched mee wyth  
most haplesse passions.

If I haue bene recklesse of thy good will, I repent mee,  
if ruthles thyow cruell speeches, I recant them, as one lo-  
uing now that of late I loathed, and desiring that which e-  
uen now I despised, which as often as I call to mind, I can  
not but blushe to my selfe for shame, and fall out with my  
selfe for anger.

But the purest Diamond is to be cut before it be woꝛne,  
the



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the Frankencense is to be burnt befoze it be smelt, & loners are to be tried befoze they be trusted. least, shining like the Carbuncle, as though they had fire, yet beeing toucht, they pzooue passing colde, soz the minde by tryall once scotwozed of mistrust, becommeth moze fitte euer after to beleefe: so that Arbalto as I haue pined thee with bitter pills, I will nowe pamper thee with swete potions: as I haue galled thee with crueltie, I will heale thee with curtesie, yea if thy good nature can forget that which my ill tongue both repent, o2 thy most constant kindnesse forgive that my vnbydled surie did commit, I will counteruaile my former discourtesie with insuing constancie, I will be as readie after to take an iniurie, as I was to giue an offence, thou shalt find my loue & duetie such and so grett, as either Doralicia can perfozme, o2 Arbalto desire. And thus committing my life and my living into your hands. I attende thine answere, and rest moze thine than her owne.

Doralicia.

The Messenger by whom she sent this message, making spede to perfozme his Mistresse commaonde, arriued within few dayes at Denmark, where deliuering me the Letter, I was greatly amazed at the sight thereof, musing what the contents should be, at last vnripping the scales, I perceiued to what Saint Doralicia bent her deuotion, but the shewe came too late when the grasse was withered: yet I stood for a time astonished, houering betweene loue and hate. But at the last such lothsome mistaking of her former curtesie so incensed my mind, that to displease her, and to despight Fortune, I returned her speedily this hateful answere.

To Doralicia, neither health nor  
good hap.

27 *I* Received thy Letter Doralicia, which no soner I reade with mine eie, but I thzeu into the fire with my haude, least

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least by viewing them I should grow into great furie, or by keeping them shew thee any friendship. For we shunne the place of pestilence for feare of infection, the eyes of the Catharismes because of diseases: the eyes of the Cockatrice for feare of death: Cyrces drinckes are deadly charmes, and Syrens tunes doubting enchantments: should I not then recheiw thy alluring baits, when thou hast galled me with the hooke: yea I will, and must, least I be intrapped with thy subtiltie, or intangled with thy sorcerie. Truly Doralicia that once I loued thee I cannot denie, that now being free I should fall to such folly I more than utterly refuse, for as before I liked thee in constant hope, so now I leath with hateful contempt, comparing thy cursed nature to the herbe Basil, which both ingendereth Serpents, and killeth them, so the shew of thy vertue inflamed me with loue, but the tryall of thy vanitie hath quenched it with hate. Hate, yea, I more then hate thee, most cruell and ingratefull Monster, whose beautie I hope was giue thee of the Gods as well to procure thine owne miserie, as others mishap, which if I might liue to see, as Infortunio did by Eriphila, I woulde thinke I did leade my haples life to a most happy end. Thus thou seest I account of thy loue and accept of thy Letters, esteeming the one as filthie chaffer, and the other as forged charmes, and saying to them bothe, that proffered seruice stinckes. Waste more wind I will not, to spend more time is most ill spent, therefore take this as a farewell, that if I heare of thy good hap, I liue displeased, if of thy misfortune, content, if of thy death, most sorrowfull, that the Gods did not giue thee many daies, and much distresse: so wishing thee what spight either Fortune or the Fates can afford. Adieu.

Sworne thy foe till death.

Arbasto.

Doralicia hauing receiued these Letters, and reade the contents, was so impatient in her passions, that she fell into a frenzie, hauing nothing in her mouth but Arbasto, Arbasto, euer



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euē doubling this word with such pittifull cryes & scriches, as would haue moued any but me to remozse: she continued not in this case long before shee died. But I alas leading a lothsome life, was more cruellie crossed by fortune, for Egerio, conspiring with the Peeres of my Realme, in shorte time by ciuill warres dispossessed me of my crown and kingdom. Forced then to flee by mine owne Subiects: after some trauaile I arriued at this place, where considering wth my selfe the fickle inconstancie of vniust fortune, I haue euē since liued content in this Cell to despyght fortune, one while sorrowing for the mishappe of Myrania, and another while ioying at the misery of Doralicia, but alwaies smiling, that by contemning fortune, I learne to leade her in tryumph. Thus thou hast hearde why in meane estate I passe my dayes content: rest therefore satisfied, that thus I haue liued, and thus I meane to die.